THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Sketch of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverton, near Bath.

Hoary, but pale, and healthy to the laſt!

MR. GRAVES is the younger ſon of the late Richard Graves, Eſq. of Mickleton, in the county of Glouceſter, where he was born in the year 1715, memorable for being the period when the Stuarts made their firſt effort to reaſcend the throne of theſe realms. The father was eſteemed not only as a man of learning, but as a good antiquary. Indeed, he was well ſkilled in the Roman and Britiſh antiquities, and, therefore, competent judges often bore teſtimony to this ſpecies of literary merit which he had cultivated, and for which he was diſtinguiſhed. The antiquities of the vale of Eveſham, where moſt of his eſtates lay, were the peculiar ſubject of attention; and he proſecuted his reſearches with ſucceſs, though, we believe, the reſult of his enquiries has never yet ſeen the light.

The ſubject of our memoir received his grammar learning under the curate of the pariſh, who made him read Homer and Heſiod at twelve years of age. He then alſo reckoned among his ſchool-fellows, Mr. Howard Haſtings, father of the celebrated governor-general of Bengal. How long he remained in this ſituation we cannot ſay, but he ſoon after was removed to Abingdon, and thence was choſen ſcholar of Pembroke College, Oxford.

In 1736, Mr. Graves having proſecuted his ſtudies with ardour, was elected fellow at All Soul's College; here he became acquainted with Blackſtone, that diſtinguiſhed luminary of the law. Much about this time he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic, and, as preparatory to that profeſſion, he went to Lon-

don, and attended two courſes of anatomy. A nervous fever, however, with which he was attacked, left him ſo languid that he quitted the metropolis, and withdrawing into the country, he reſumed the ſtudy of divinity.

Mr. Graves now went to reſide with Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helen's, who reſided at his ſeat in Derbyſhire. He wiſhed to have a clergyman in the houſe as a companion, and he ſoon conceived, for this his new inmate, no ſmall degree of affection.

The ſubject of our memoir having lived upwards of three years in this ſecluded part of the world, came by turn into ſome collegiate office, and, therefore, wiſhed for a curacy in the vicinity of Oxford. This ſituation he ſoon obtained, and it gave a laſting complexion to the ſubſequent part of his life. For he married the daughter of a reſpectable farmer, with whom he had boarded, and thus loſt the benefits of his fellowſhip for ever. He was now, indeed, thrown upon the world with a wife and a curacy of 50l. per annum! Many of his relations were diſpleaſed with him on this account, and loudly reproached him for his indiſcretion.

But Mr. Graves had not been more than two years in this very dependent ſituation, when, moſt unexpectedly, he was preſented to the living of Claverton, in the vicinity of Bath, where he came to reſide in 1750, and from which, it is ſaid, he has never been abſent a *month* at *one* time for more than half a century. A biographer of this gentleman remarks, "This little piece of preferment contributed ſo much to his happineſs, that he ſeldom mentions the ſubject without expreſſing a grateful ſenſe of the ſuperintending care of providence, in directing this ſeemingly fortuitous concurrence of circumſtances to ſo deſirable an event."

In 1763, through the intereſt of the famous Ralph Allen, Eſq. of Prior Park, near Bath, he was preſented to the living of Kilmerſdon. This was rendering his circumſtances truly comfortable, for he had alſo a few young gentlemen to educate; being always of an active turn of mind, he thus augmented his own finances, and rendered a benefit to ſociety.

Mr. Graves, though the author of various pieces in proſe and poetry, is beſt known to the public by an amuſing production, entitled, "The Spiritual Quixote." He candidly and juſtly acknowledges, that ſome itinerant preachers were actuated by pious motives; and he attributes the growth, of what he deemed an evil, in a great meaſure to the remiſſneſs of many of the regular clergy. But he was of opinion, that the extravagancies *of a zeal not according to knowledge*, contributed not a little to the increaſe of infidelity. It is probable, however, that he never would have meddled with ſo unpromiſing a ſubject, had not an illiterate fanatic diſturbed the minds of his pariſhioners,

and

and treated him with a degree of inſolence irreconcileable either to good manners, or to the mild and amiable ſpirit of Chriſtianity.

The ſubject of our biography was the intimate friend, and executor, of the celebrated Shenſtone; this intimacy, perhaps, may account for his poſſeſſing ſo large a portion of his genius and ſenſibility. No inconſiderable reſemblance to each other may be traced in their reſpective publications.

Mr. Graves thus deſcribes himſelf in his Reveries of Solitude, with that genuine humour for which his performances are characteriſed.

" A wight there was ſcarce known I ween to fame,
Who, day by day, to Bath's fam'd city came;
Meagre, and very rueful were his looks,
He ſeem'd as he had fed on nought but books.
His old great-coat, which he could ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back!
Full threeſcore ſprings had bloſſom'd o'er his head,
Yet nimble as a roe-buck was his tread;
For in his youth he ne'er did heat his blood
With liquors hot, or high and luſcious food,
Therefore his age, like froſty winter paſt,
Hoary, but pale, and healthy to the laſt.
" What, *walk* to Bath, Sir?" cries ſome gouty man,
" No, Sir," quoth he, " I did not walk—I *ran*!"
He ſtroll'd about, and travers'd many a ſtreet,
And tho' ſome friend, or dainty nymph, would greet,
With ſcornful looks, or ſneers, he, undiſmay'd,
On matters deep, or mus'd or ſeem'd to muſe,
Then made an halt, then read, or heard the news;
Bought ſome old book, or print, perchance, and then,
Small bus'neſs done, he travell'd home again!
Such is *the life of* MAN, with buſy face,
On trifles bent he ſtrolls from place to place;
With various ſcenes of happineſs amus'd,
By turns applauded, and by turns abus'd;
To ſorrow's ſchool ſent weeping from the womb,
Spends his ſhort ſpan, then haſtens to the tomb.
Life's but a morning lounge, unleſs confin'd
To DUTY's path, and *uſeful* to mankind!"

Theſe laſt eight lines are admirable; they hold up a true picture of human life. The happineſs of man is a phantom; we are about to graſp it—no one can be ſaid to be in full poſſeſſion of it. Let us, therefore, indulge thoſe elevated hopes, and cheriſh thoſe high expectations, with which we are furniſhed by the Chriſtian religion. Avoiding contention and ſtrife, the off-

ſpring of ſpiritual pride, we ſhall find eventually, that a modeſt and humble ſpirit is the ſureſt guide to a bleſſed immortality.

It may be remarked, that " Mr. Graves is generally ſeen in a compromiſe pace, betwixt a walk and a run, which occaſioned the late well-remembered Mr. Thickneſſe to ſay pleaſantly, that Mr. Graves would be one of the moſt agreeable men in the world *if he had but time*, for want of which he only comes to ſee you, to let you know he cannot ſtay with you a ſingle moment."

Iſlington. J. E.

PICTURESQUE SCENES *on the* ALPS.

(Concluded from Page 344.*)*

On the Mountain Scheideck, ten o'clock in the forenoon.

I Left Grindelwald this morning at five o'clock, and paſſed by the upper glacier, which afforded me far more pleaſure than the lower, for its pyramids are of a much purer, and more beautiful azure colour. Above four hours I kept aſcending, and was as much fatigued to-day as yeſterday. The mountain-ſwallows flew around me, and twittered their melancholy notes. I heard the diſtant ſound of bleating flocks; and the graſs and flowers diffuſed around me odours that renewed my ſinking ſtrength; the pyramidal Schreckhorn, the loftieſt of the Alps, being, according to Pfyffer's meaſurement, two thouſand four hundred fathoms in height, was on one ſide; and before me roſe the terrific Wetterhorn, which often attracts thunder-clouds, and is enveloped in livid lightnings. Two drifts of ſnow, which the ſun had looſened, fell from its ſummit before my eyes. At firſt I heard a tremendous report, which made me tremble, and inſtantly ſaw two prodigious maſſes of ſnow rolling along from one declivity of the mountain to another, and at length falling with a faint noiſe, like diſtant thunder, ſucceeded by an immenſe white cloud of ſnow-duſt.

On the mountain Scheideck I found more herdſmen, who treated me with cheeſe and milk. After this light and wholeſome repaſt, I am now ſitting on a knoll of the mountain, and viewing the eternal maſſes of ſnow, in which I diſcover the ſprings of thoſe ſtreams which water our vallies.

This ſnow is the great reſervoir of nature, from which, in times of drought, ſhe revives the parched world; and, were it poſſible for this ſnow to be melted all at once, the earth would be inundated by a ſecond deluge.

It

It is impoſſible to behold, without a certain ſhivering, theſe limits of the earthly creation, where even not the leaſt veſtige of life preſents itſelf—not a tree nor ſhrub—all around is a melancholy deſert. Nothing interrupts the death-like ſilence of theſe rugged rocks, but the king of birds, the Alpine eagle, which now and then carries off a poor ſhamoy as his prey. The ſhamoys endeavour to ſave themſelves through their agility, but in vain!—in vain they bound from rock to rock! The cruel enemy does not leave his prey till he has driven it to the edge of a precipice, where the unfortunate victim can find no path to eſcape.

With a powerful ſtroke of his wings, he then precipitates it into the abyſs; where, notwithſtanding their agility, they are infallibly loſt. He then draws them out with his ſharp claws, and bears off his prize in triumph. However, this bird is not the only enemy of the defenceleſs ſhamoys. The hunters are ſtill more deſtructive to them. Theſe hunters climb, fearleſs of all dangers, up the ſteepeſt rocks. However, many find their graves in the cliffs and precipices, or are overwhelmed in the ſnow. Many dreadful accidents of this kind are related. For inſtance: A ſhamoy-hunter, from Grindelwald, was hunting on the Schreckhorn. He purſued his prey from rock to rock. His foot ſuddenly ſlipped, when on the very ſummit of a ſteep eminence. The abyſs yawned beneath him, and, already, the ſharp rock threatened to impale him—he only hung by his feet from the rock, and thus ſuſtained himſelf above the horrid precipice. Only imagine the horrors of ſuch a ſituation!—None of his companions were able to aſſiſt him—none durſt leap on the edge of the rock. Thus he hung, between heaven and earth—between life and death, till he was able to place his hands againſt the rock, and, in this manner, to raiſe himſelf upon his feet, upon which he crept down again by degrees.

Valley of Haſsley.

After reſting about two hours with the ſhepherds, I continued my route down the mountain. The firſt remarkable object which now preſented itſelf, was the glacier of Roſenlawin, indiſputably the fineſt of all the glaciers. It conſiſts of the pureſt ſapphire-blue pyramids, which proudly elevate their jagged ſummits. I walked now in the ſhade of ancient fir-trees, which ſcreened me from the rays of the ſun. Around me no veſtige of human creatures was to be ſeen.—Wherever I turned my eyes, I beheld nothing but a deſert wilderneſs. From grey, moſs-clad rocks foaming rivulets precipitated themſelves, whoſe noiſe was augmented by the echo of the woods. When I came into the valley, I found the moſt delightful odoriferous meadows that it is poſſible to conceive. I cannot deſcribe the pleaſure I felt at the ſight of theſe verdant fields, after having ſo long ſeen nothing

nothing but ſterile rocks and maſſes of ſnow. In every meadow I reſted a few minutes; and, in thought, kiſſed every blade of graſs. I at length arrived at a ſmall village, whoſe inhabitants live in the genuine ſimplicity of the paſtoral ſtate. They underſtand nothing but breeding of cattle; and milk is their only nouriſhment. Their large cheeſes are chiefly exported to Italy. The dairies, in which they make the cheeſe, reſt on high pillars or props; and are conſtructed of thin boards, to admit a free circulation of air.

As I was extremely thirſty, I requeſted a young ſhepherd, who was ſeated at the door of a cottage, ſituated on the bank of a limpid ſtreamlet, to bring me a glaſs. He did not underſtand me immediately, but as ſoon as he comprehended what I wanted, he inſtantly ran into the houſe, and brought a cup. "It is clean," ſaid he, in bad German, ſhewing it to me. He then ran to the rivulet, filled the cup ſeveral times with water, which he poured out again; at the ſame time looking at me with a ſmile. He at laſt filled it, and brought it me, ſaying, "drink, my friend,—drink our water." I was about to preſs the good-natured, obliging man, to my heart, as my brother. Oh! my friends, why were we not born in thoſe times, when all men were ſhepherds and brethren? I would willingly renounce moſt of the comforts of life, for which we are indebted to ſuperior knowledge and illumination, if I could return to that ſtate of nature in which mankind originally exiſted.

The true pleaſures of life—thoſe delights of the ſoul which render us truly happy, were enjoyed by mankind in thoſe times—and even more than at preſent. What delights did they not derive from love, which no law prevented, when the gifts of nature were of far more value than thoſe of blind chance, which are incapable of imparting true worth!—How happy were they through friendſhip, and the contemplation of the beauties of nature!—It is true, our preſent habitations and clothing are more convenient; but, are our hearts more tranquil? Ah! no!—a thouſand troubles, a thouſand cares, to which man, in a ſtate of nature, was a perfect ſtranger, now diſtract our minds; and every enjoyment is followed by its ſhadow, diſguſt. Ruminating in this manner, I left the ſhepherd. I looked back, and perceived that he followed me with his eyes, in which the wiſh was clearly to be read—"Go, and be happy!" God knows, that I alſo wiſhed him all poſſible happineſs; but he had already found it. A violent noiſe broke the thread of my ideas. "What is that?" I aſked my guide, and ſtood to liſten. "We are approaching," anſwered he, "the moſt celebrated cataract of the Alps, the Reichenbach." Though in a tour in Switzerland caſcades are ſo common, and the traveller is ſo often wet by the drizzling rain ariſing from them, that he at laſt becomes indifferent to thoſe objects, yet I was very curious to ſee the chief and principal of

the Swiſs cataracts. The diſtant noiſe promiſed me ſomething grand and ſublime, and my imagination was anticipating the beauties of this ſpectacle, when I ſuddenly diſcovered another magnificent proſpect; which, for a time, made me forget Reichenbach. Alas! that I am not a painter!—that I cannot inſtantly transfer to my paper the beautiful and fertile vale of Haſsly, which appeared like a garden in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation, between rugged rocks, whoſe ſummits are enveloped in clouds! Groves of fruit-trees, between which are ſmall wooden houſes, forming the village Meyringen; the river Aar traverſing the valley in a longitudinal direction—numerous ſmall ſtreams precipitating themſelves from ſteep rocks, and propelling their ſilver current through delicious verdure, altogether formed ſuch a romantic and impoſing picture, as I never ſaw before. Ought I not, my friends, to thank Heaven, for all the grand and exquiſite ſcenes which preſent themſelves to my eyes in Switzerland?

At length my conductor reminded me of Reichenbach. In order to have a near view of it, I was obliged, notwithſtanding my fatigue, to croſs another conſiderable eminence; however, the road was fortunately not ſtony: but conſiſted of a green turf, wet with a continual drizzling ſhower, proceeding from the cataract. Fifty paces from the caſcade I was enveloped by it, as by a fog. However, I approached the cavity into which the Reichenbach precipitates itſelf, with a dreadful bellowing and thundering noiſe, hurrying along prodigious ſtones and trees of great magnitude. O! that I could but deſcribe the inexpreſſible rapidity with which wave after wave darts into the unfathomable abyſs; again riſes aloft, and is ſwallowed up in the foaming vortex, which ſpreads around a humid cloud of white vapour!—But my imagination, in vain, ſeeks for compariſons, ſimiles, and pictures!—Every ſenſible mind muſt admire thoſe grand objects, the fall of the Rhine and the Reichenbach; but what pencil, what pen, can repreſent them? Deafened by the thunder that burſt around me, I ſank, almoſt ſenſeleſs, on the ground.

I was involved in clouds of fine watery particles; and whirlwinds, cauſed by the force of the fall of ſuch a maſs of water, whiſtled around me, till I was obliged to retire, for fear of taking a cold that might be productive of ſerious conſequences. If any perſon had ſeen me in that condition, he muſt have thought that I had juſt been drawn out of the river, for I had not a dry thread upon me, and the water poured from me in ſtreams.

We were only three werſts from Meyringen, and the road was by far not ſo diſagreeable as the aſcent to the Scheideck; but theſe three werſts encreaſed my fatigue to the higheſt pitch, for the heat in the valleys was quite intolerable; the beams of the ſun, reflected by the bare rocks, heated the atmoſphere the more,

as a cooling breeze ſeldom blows here. Some women, who met me, ſaid pitifully, " how hot it is, young ſtranger !"

The village of Meyringen conſiſts of ſmall wooden houſes, diſperſed at great diſtances throughout the valley. In general ſtone buildings are very rare in the villages of the Alps. The inhabitants of the valley of Haſsly are within hearing of the inceſſant noiſe ariſing from the fall of the Reichenbach, and other cataracts. Theſe brooks, formed by the melting of the ſnow, frequently ſwell ſo dreadfully, that they inundate the whole valley, together with the houſes, gardens, and meadows. A few years ſince, an inundation of this kind cauſed great devaſtation, and entirely covered this charming valley with ſand and ſtones. But the inhabitants could not think of abandoning their beloved birth-place, where they and their anceſtors had enjoyed ſuch numberleſs bleſſings. The ground was ſoon cleared, and again covered with graſs and flowers. The charms of nature in this happy valley are rivalled by thoſe of its inhabitants; particularly of the women, almoſt all of whom, without exception, are beauties, with a colour like the roſe of the Alps;—any of them might ſerve as a model of Flora. Will you now wonder if I ſtay here a few days? Perhaps there is no where elſe in the world another Meyringen. It is, however, a pity that the girls diſfigure themſelves ſo extremely by their dreſs. They for inſtance wear ſuch very ſhort waiſts, that their clothes have the appearance of ſacks. I found an excellent inn at this place.

Eleven o'clock at night.

I paſſed the evening very agreeably; I rambled about the valley, among the groves and meadows, and, upon my return to the village, I found a great number of young people of both ſexes, engaged in playing, running, and all kinds of ſport. They were celebrating a wedding. I eaſily diſtinguiſhed the bridegroom and bride from among the reſt; they were the handſomeſt pair that can be imagined; the moſt charming carnation played upon their cheeks, and their eyes ſwam in tears; they tried to be as gay as the reſt, but a mild melancholy, expreſſed in all their motions, diſtinguiſhed them from all the other ſwains and ſhepherdeſſes. I ſtepped up to the bridegroom, and, tapping him in a friendly manner on the ſhoulder, ſaid to him, " You are very happy, my friend!" The bride looked at me, and I perceived in her expreſſive looks, her modeſt thanks for my praiſe. What delicate ſenſibility theſe daughters of the Alps poſſeſs! how well they underſtand the language of the heart. The ſwain regarded his miſtreſs with a ſmile; their looks met. What eloquence! A ſingular thought entered my mind. I wiſhed to leave the happy couple a token of remembrance, that in the future periods of their union they might recollect, that a ſtranger

from a remote northern region had been preſent on their wedding-day, and participated in their joy. I conſidered and ſought, but could find nothing, excepting a copper medal, with the head of a Grecian youth, given me by my friend B. "Accept of this," I ſaid to the bride, "as a token of my good wiſhes for you and your bridegroom." She ſtared by turns at the medal, at her lover, and at me, and was embarraſſed how to behave. "I am a native of a country" I added, "where it is cuſtomary to make ſome preſent or other to a bride; and I beg of you to accept of this trifle, with the ſame good will that I give it." "And of what country are you a native?" aſked a venerable old man, ſeated on a log of wood. "Ruſſia," I replied. "Ruſſia! Yes, I have heard of that country. Where does it lie?" Far, far from hence, my friend! behind yon mountain; direct north." "True, true, I recollect." Meantime the young couple whiſpered each other, and the bride took the medal, and thanked me for it. She held the medal to her huſband, who turned it round in his hands, and gave it her again. I rejoiced at their happineſs, and thought on the verſes of Haller, in his poem, "The Alps," to the following effect:

Soon as the youthful ſwain feels the gentle fire, which is eaſily kindled by a languiſhing eye in the breaſt of ſenſibility—unreſtrained by fear, he diſcloſes his pain to the object of his paſſion. She liſtens to him; and, if his flame deſerves the reward of her heart, ſhe expreſſes her ſentiments without reſerve, and follows the inclination of her heart. For no fair one need be aſhamed of the tender paſſion, when it ariſes from reciprocal regard, and is maintained by virtue.

Their deſires are not checked by empty forms of ceremony; the reciprocity of their affection conſtitutes the marriage-contract, which, confirmed only by the plighted faith of both, ſerves for an oath, and a kiſs for the ſeal.

The lovely nightingale ſalutes them from the neareſt branches, and delight makes their bed of ſoft elaſtic moſs, a tree is their curtain, and ſolitude the witneſs of their bliſs, when love leads the bluſhing bride to the arms of her ſwain. Oh! thrice happy pair! whom a prince might juſtly envy!

Unterſeen.

I have juſt arrived here; the boat in which I left Tracht ſet me aſhore two verſts from this place; a heavy rain has ſoaked me through: but during the paſſage, I witneſſed an intereſting ſpectacle; the mountains, enveloped in clouds, appeared to ſmoke, and I imagined I ſaw Veſuvius and Ætna.

Thun, eight o'clock in the evening.

I arrived in ſafety, though the lake was very ſtormy. The waves toſſed the boat about like a ball. Some ladies who ac-

companied me ſhrieked inceſſantly, and one of them even fainted; it was with ſome difficulty that ſhe was brought to herſelf. For my own part, I felt not the leaſt terror, but the ſight of the waves, recoiling from the craggy ſhore, afforded me the higheſt pleaſure. At length, the rain ceaſed, and the cheering ſun dried our drenched clothes. On my arrival at Thun I felt a ſlight attack of fever; however, it left me entirely after I had taken a few cups of tea. To-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I ſet out on my return to Berne, where I had left my things.

ACCOUNT *of the* ISLAND *of* GOREE.

GOREE is ſituate in 14° 41′ 30″ N. lat. and in 19° 45′ of longitude W. from the meridian of Paris. It is only an inſulated rock riſing to a great height in the ſea, and at the diſtance of about a league and a quarter from the neareſt land. It is in the middle of that bay which is formed between Cape Verd, and the ſouthern continuation of the African coaſt. It is ſcarce ſixty acres in extent, incapable of culture, and deſtitute of rivers. Proviſions for the people of the ſettlement muſt be entirely brought from Europe, or procured from the continent of Africa. Wood is alſo, by permiſſion of the native princes, to be brought from that continent. With proper care, indeed, the water which filtrates from the rocks might be collected, ſo as to form a conſtant and ample ſupply of this article for the uſe of the inhabitants.

The iſle enjoys, however, by its ſituation many advantages. Its road is at all times ſecure for ſhipping, the iſle is well fitted to protect the ſlave trade, to ſerve as an emporium for this branch of traffic, or to afford convenience for reparation and refreſhment to French ſhipping on the African coaſt. The journey by land between Goree and Senegal does not exceed 60 leagues; by ſea the voyage is only 40 leagues.

This iſle had formerly the name of Barſaguiche: it was then a dependency of Cape Verd. King Biam ceded it in the year 1617, to the Dutch; who fortified it, and named it after a town in Holland, Goree. The Engliſh took it from the Dutch in 1663. Admiral Ruyter, however, retook it in the year following. Three years after, it was taken by Count D'Etrees with a French ſquadron. It remained in the poſſeſſion of the French till 1758. It was then taken by the Engliſh. It was reſtored to the French by the peace of Paris, in 1763. It was again taken by the Britiſh in 1779, and again reſtored to the French in 1783. With Goree, the French recovered on the continent their factories of Ruſſiſque, Portudal, Joal, Salum, and Albreda.

Goree

Goree was captured by the French in January laſt, and recaptured by the Engliſh in the month of March following [1804].

As to the iſle of Goree, if carefully fortified, and furniſhed with ſtores of ammunition and proviſions; if it had two ſhips of war conſtantly cruizing in theſe latitudes to protect our trade; if thoſe who ſend out adventures would make the cargoes ſuitable to the natural demands of the country, and all the articles of good quality; if they would entruſt thoſe cargoes to none but perſons of integrity and due experience; and if, finally, their veſſels were built more for the voyage than for the port; then might trade be carried on to advantage with this part of Africa.

CHARACTER *of the* GERMANS.

AN effeminate turn of character could never be pleaſed in Germany, nor could a young mind, of however delicate nerve, become puſillanimous in it. The very atmoſphere infuſes a particular tone. Nature, in Germany, acts the part of a parent, who, firm though not harſh, affords her children full ſcope to extend and cultivate their endowments, but gives them no opportunity to vitiate and pervert them. If Engliſhmen knew better the ſimplicity and honeſty of the Germans, with what pleaſure would they oftener be blended with them! No degrading vices deform that people; nor do they with ſelfiſh cunning court and cajole ſtrangers, in order to get their money, while they laugh at their credulity behind their back, and hug themſelves in the conceit of their own ſuperior merit.

How greatly were it to be wiſhed that our young men of rank and fortune, inſtead of confining, for the moſt part, their travel to the ſouthern countries of Europe, whoſe manners and habits, however faſcinating, are not naturally congenial with the more maſculine and ſedate character of the Engliſh nation, would extend their tour, and familiarize themſelves with a hardy race, whoſe kindred blood flows in their own veins; whoſe minds and bodies, uncontaminated by the effeminacy of falſe refinement, find at once their ſupport and gratification in the meaſure of their own powers; a people, in ſhort, who, at this day, merit as fully as they did in earlier times, that higheſt of all encomiums which Tacitus pronounces of them, when he ſays,

"Plus ibi boni mores valent, quam alibi bonæ leges."

That fatal degree of refinement, which is the morbid principle of deſtruction, inherent in ſociety, has not yet tainted the nations of the north; ſome of which, however, have attained to an admirable degree of improvement, not only in every branch

of knowledge which dignifies the mind of man, but even in thoſe fine arts which conſtitute the blandiſhments of taſte. While we contemplate with delight the ſtrength and ſolidity of judgement, the profound erudition and cloſe obſervation, which have ſo conſpicuouſly ſhone in various circles of the empire, we are ſtruck alſo with pleaſure in diſcovering in them the fineſt inſpirations of genius, in poetry, painting, ſculpture, and muſic: nor will thoſe gifts of the muſes readily turn to their prejudice. The Germans poſſeſs cool heads and warm hearts, not warm heads and cool hearts: and the two former endowments conſtitute the beſt, or, rather, only preſervative againſt the ſubtle poiſon latent beneath the ſpecious exterior of refinement; while they cannot but prove an unfailing power of attraction with thoſe perſons who ſet a proper value upon the two moſt eſtimable qualities that can diſtinguiſh the human race.

To trace the progreſs of a people towards refinement, is the moſt intereſting purſuit that can preſent itſelf to the human underſtanding. Every individual of each ſucceeding generation has not only a life-intereſt in the improvement of ſociety, but, as providence has given to man, as it were, a ſupplementary proportion of life in the exiſtence of his deſcendants, that intereſt is extended in an inalienable intail to our remoteſt poſterity. How precious, then, to us, muſt be the remembrance of thoſe great men, who ſeemed ſuffered by Heaven to appear on earth from time to time, for the purpoſe of operating beneficially to the eſtabliſhment of ſocial order, and the enlightening of mankind! The genius of Frederick the Second ſtill hovers over Pruſſia: a ſtriking inſtance of the ſuperior talents of one man being employed by providence as a tool for working the moſt ſignal benefit to his fellow-creatures.

Obſerving that genius is a plant of deep root in Germany, and, though perhaps of leſs rapid growth, certainly not of leſs rich vegetation than in the more ſouthern countries, Frederick the Second (if it be allowed us to purſue the agricultural metaphor) may be ſaid, in order to quicken the rich ſoil of nature, to have ſcattered among it a certain proportion of foreign manure; but he was providently circumſpect of the quantity he admitted, well aware that the quickeſt is not always the beſt growth. Uninfluenced by prejudice, he ſelected from every nation, and from all claſſes of men, ſo much of the talents proper to each, as would ſerve to advance the cultivation of his country.

Character of the late Miſs Walker, of Mancheſter.

THIS amiable female died in the month of March, 1804. She was the eldeſt daughter of Thomas Walker, Eſq. late of

of Manchester. " Her amiable disposition, her superior acquirements in knowledge, and her unshaken fortitude during a very long and most painful illness, will for ever render her loss an object of the tenderest regret to her family and friends, particularly as the cause of her death originated in the unjust prosecution of her father, and was afterwards highly aggravated by the severe domestic calamities which followed in consequence of the late war."

Such is the modest report in a provincial paper of the death of a most accomplished young lady, whom every perfection of mind promised to render a blessing to her parents, relations, and friends, and an ornament to her sex. To pay a more than common tribute to her memory, is not the duty of relatives only, whose partiality may be suspected, but of any one, sensible to the impression of intellectual and moral worth. The person who renders this tribute is no relative, but knew the lady enough to admire her, when living, and sincerely to lament her death. Without the smallest portion of parade or pedantry, she was learned, beyond what is generally expected of her sex, even when assisted, as she was in early life, by many peculiar advantages; but of late, to her own application for her progress in knowledge, she was principally indebted. She seemed to feel, what all will feel if they try, that the human mind is a mine of inexhaustible treasure to those who industriously explore it; and that, without this, all external advantages are of no avail.

From the years of childhood, almost to the last period of her life, her attention was given to the culture of her mind. She read with facility, the French and Italian languages; and she was considerably versed in history, which, to the reflecting and judicious reader, is indeed a source of the most valuable improvement. Yet, with these soberer studies, she constantly cherished a taste for the politer and more elegant walks of literature. That her reading was not the mere beguilement of time, is evinced by the very judicious reflections, inferences, and reasonings, which appear in her notes on the various authors whom she conversed with. She was, withal, the woman in all the graceful and useful accomplishments of the woman;—modest, tender, and affectionate: she answered to every thing that could be wished for in the daughter, the sister, and the friend.

Few excelled her in the use of the needle; and, inasmuch as her health would permit, she was not inattentive to domestic concerns, without which every woman must want the appropriate and finishing grace. A knowledge, beyond her age and her sex, had not infected her with the dangerous and comfortless philosophy of the times; she was the modest and humble Christian; and to the generous doctrine and generous faith of the New Testament she was, most probably, indebted for her calm and unyielding fortitude, during a lengthened, debilitating,

and

and painful illneſs. With a body waſted to its very threads, her underſtanding was clear, collected, and vigorous to the very laſt moment; a phænomenon alone almoſt ſufficient to confute the earth-born doctrine of the materialiſt.

It is melancholy to add, that this promiſing female was, to all appearance, a victim to that infuriate party rage, which diſſolved all the bonds of civil ſociety, and ſet citizen in hatred againſt his fellow; and which was the work (and will be not the leaſt diſgrace) of an adminiſtration, that will be committed to poſterity with well-earned cenſure and abhorrence. The unjuſt, malignant, and cruel perſecution of her father, gave the firſt blow to a conſtitution, naturally ſtrong, which required eleven years of progreſſive ſuffering to conduct her to the grave. A few intervals of flattering hope intervened, but in vain; the blow was at her heart. Her life and death, as well as many ſimilar examples, furniſh one important leſſon:—there muſt be a ſtate of retribution. No wiſe artiſt can rear and conduct a work to the higheſt beauty and perfection, and in a moment, and as in wantonneſs, commit it to deſtruction. She lived long enough to be ripe for that better world, of which the goſpel has given the aſſured promiſe. This conſoles her ſurvivors; while her virtues, in the mean time, are entombed in their hearts, and are a generous ſtimulus to a laudable imitation.

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

IT is much to be lamented that mankind are very ungrateful to their kind Creator, for the mercies they have received from his bountiful hands, though the word of inſpiration informs us, that in him we live, move, and have our being. We are under peculiar obligations to him for creating us rational creatures capable of ſerving him for ever. If our exiſtence terminated with the preſent life, we could not ſee the important end of our creation, but when we are informed that we are candidates for eternity we riſe very high in the ſcale of intelligent beings. It is a bleſſing no doubt to partake of an exiſtence in this world for a few years, notwithſtanding the ſin, weakneſs, and infirmities to which we are expoſed; but who can calculate the happineſs reſulting from a never ending eternity! It is an ocean of bleſſedneſs in which all our thoughts are loſt. How muſt thoſe be therefore loſt to all the ends of their creation who ſpend their time in every kind of diſſipation! Negligent of the talents with which they are entruſted, they only aggravate their future account in the day of judgement.

We are indebted to the providence of God for the land of our nativity; that we were not born of Jewiſh but of Chriſtian parents; that we were not born in Turkey, imbibing the tenets

of a vile impoſtor; that we received the advantages connected with a good education; that we were inſtructed in the principles of true religion: whereas many inherit the ignorance and vices of their parents, ſo that their lives are uſeleſs to ſociety, if not dangerous to mankind. It is a bleſſing to poſſeſs any genius, but how would it have laid dormant without proper cultivation.

We may likewiſe reflect on the care of providence in our helpleſs infancy. From the time we hung upon our mother's breaſt to the preſent period of our lives, we have largely partaken of the divine goodneſs. In the ſlippery paths of youth, we have been wonderfully preſerved from danger. So that we ſhall be very ungrateful if we heſitate to praiſe our kind Preſerver.

We can recollect the years that are paſt, and ſay "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." What may be in the womb of providence we know not. It is ſufficient to repoſe our confidence in that Being who can never deceive us; whoſe fulneſs is adequate to all our neceſſities, whoſe ear is always open to our complaints, and whoſe arm can ſcreen us from all our enemies. If life ſhould be ſhortened to a few years, may it be devoted to the beſt of purpoſes, that death may find us well employed! And if protracted to a good old age, may it be ſpent in the ſervice of that Being, who will recompence all our labours with his preſence and bleſſing for ever! We ought not to be anxious about future events; ſufficient unto each day is the evil thereof. If we ſpend our years in uſeful purſuits, the reflection will be pleaſant, and we ſhall praiſe our Creator for our exiſtence on earth; but if we miſpend our time, we ſhall certainly be brought to our repentance when it may be too late. May the Divine Being ſo teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wiſdom, and that we may at laſt enter into his preſence, and be happy for ever!

ANECDOTES *of the late* LORD ELIOT.

THE name of this reſpectable nobleman was Edward Eliot Craggs. He was an Engliſh peer, by the title of Baron Eliot, of St. Germain's, in Cornwall, and was alſo receiver-general of the duchy of Cornwall. He was born on the 8th of July, 1727; was married on the 25th of September, 1756, to Catherine, daughter and heireſs of Edward Elliſon, Eſq. by whom he had iſſue, Edward, who died an infant; Edward-James, born in the month of July, 1758, and died in the month of September, 1797. He married, on the 21ſt of September, 1785, Lady Harriet Pitt, daughter of William, earl of Chatham, by whom he had a daughter, born on the 20th of September, 1786, John, the preſent Lord Eliot, born on the 28th of September, 1761,

1761, married on the 8th of September, 1790, to the Hon. Miſs Caroline Yorke, ſiſter to the preſent earl of Hardwicke: William, born on the 1ſt of April, 1766.

Richard Eliot, Eſq. his lordſhip's father, who uſed to be called Port Eliot, the name of his ſeat, to diſtinguiſh him from the Eliots of Scotland, was married, in March, 1726, to Miſs Harriet Craggs, daughter of the Right Hon. James Craggs, who was ſecretary of ſtate in the reign of King George the Firſt, by whom he had iſſue, the late Lord Eliot; alſo Richard, who died young; John, who died unmarried; Anne, who married Captain Bonfoy, of the navy, by whom ſhe was left a widow, and had a daughter, who married the late earl of Ely, by whom ſhe was left a widow in 1783; Harriet, who married Pendocke Neale, Eſq. and died on the 27th of January, 1776; Catharine, now living, unmarried; Auguſta and Heſter, who both died infants; Elizabeth, married to the preſent Lord Somers, and died on the 1ſt of January, 1784. The ſaid Richard Eliot died in the year 1748, and his lady in 1769.

The late lord came firſt into parliament in the year 1747, for St. Germains, for which he was again choſen at the general election in 1754, and again at the general election in 1761, and again in 1768, and a fifth time in 1774. In the year 1777, he was elected member for the county of Cornwall; and in the year 1780 he was again elected for the county of Cornwall; and in the year 1784 he was created a peer.

In the year 1789, his lordſhip, by his majeſty's permiſſion, took the name and arms of Craggs. His father was many years receiver-general of the county of Cornwall, and when he died, in 1748, his ſon ſucceeded him, which place he held until his death. When Frederick Prince of Wales died, which was in March, 1751, the ſalary of this place was ſuppoſed to be about 200l. per annum; in 1754, it was augmented to 500l. and in the year 1762 it was further augmented; but at this time it is ſuppoſed to be about 2000l. per annum.

His lordſhip was the patron of the boroughs of Liſkeard, Grampound, and St. Germains, all in Cornwall; and had a conſiderable intereſt in the county of Cornwall.

In the month of January, 1760, he was made one of the lords of trade, in the room of Mr. Rigby, promoted, and continued in that office until March, 1776, when he was ſucceeded by Mr. Eden, now Lord Auckland.

This nobleman died at Port Eliot, in Cornwall, on the 18th of February, 1804, in the 77th year of his age. He was a nobleman whoſe elegance of manners, refined taſte, and brilliant wit, rendered him the ornament and admiration of ſociety; and whoſe kindneſs, hoſpitality, and benevolence to his friends and dependants, will make him be long and ſincerely regretted.

SINGULAR INCIDENT.

A Curious meeting took place at Dundee not long ſince. A ſoldier, who had been married at Dundee about twelve years ago, was, at the late peace, diſcharged on account of his long ſervice in the army. He was then at St. Vincent, with his wife and one child. The wife and child were embarked in a ſeparate veſſel, fitted up for the better accommodation of the women and children. They ſailed for Britain, but the veſſel with the women called at Barbadoes for paſſengers. Here ſhe was counter-ordered, in conſequence of the intelligence arriving of the rupture with France.

The ſoldier proceeded to Dundee, where he made every inquiry and ſearch for his wife and child, but obtaining no account, concluded that both had been drowned on their paſſage homeward. After the lapſe of ſome months, his grief for his departed wife and child ſubſiding, he courted a young woman, to whom he was to have been married the enſuing Monday. But on the evening of the Saturday preceding, the affianced couple were ſurprized by the appearance of the wife and child. She had been detained at Barbadoes, and after encountering many hardſhips, arrived in time to claim her huſband, before he had completed his ſecond marriage.

AN ANECDOTE.

ON the 1ſt of Auguſt, 1799, when the heroic Vice-Admiral Lord Nelſon had the command of a Britiſh ſquadron in the Mediterranean, he addreſſed an order to the reſpective captains of the fleet under his command, ſtating to them that it was the anniverſary of the battle of the Nile, a day glorious to the country by the ſignally noble exertions of the Britiſh ſeamen, and requeſting the different captains, in order that no heart might have cauſe to be ſad on that day, that all faults committed to that period ſhould be forgiven; and alſo to cauſe a pint of wine to be given to each man in the ſquadron, at ſix o'clock in the evening, to drink the king's health.—May his lordſhip long live to enjoy his well earned laurels, and the honours and emoluments beſtowed on him!

A QUESTION, *by a Lover of Science.*

THERE is a ſpring in Ireland, into which if you plunge a piece of iron, it will, to all appearance, be converted into copper; at leaſt, it is ſoon incruſted with a thick layer of this metal. How is this phænomen produced?

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to J. Ball's Charade, inſerted March 12.

FROM fair Niemi's height wide o'er the ſcene,
The dreary plains are clad with ice and ſnow;
There on the bleak hill's top the REIN-DEER's ſeen,
Which ſoon, with wonted ſwiftneſs, gains the vales below.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, W. Strong, and J. Squance, of Exeter; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; M. Courtenay; J. Rouſell, of Lopen; J. E. W. Bickham, and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; G. Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; T. Coumbs, of St. German's; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to J. Paſcal's Enigma, inſerted March 12.

FELL ruin, carnage, and deſtruction dire,
Attendants are on WAR's revengeful ire.

† We have received the like anſwer from R. Holwell, W. Strong, John Squance, and P. Gove, of Exeter; W. Mann, W. Bickham, and J. E. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; George Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

Anſwer, by W. S. of Bridport, to Recluſe's Enigma, inſerted March 19.

YOUR enigma, if right I handle,
Surely it means a tallow CANDLE.

‡‖‡ We have received the like anſwer from E. M. Courtenay; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; J. E. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; G. Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; T. Whicker, P. Gove, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; T. Coumbs, of St. German's; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; and J. Chubb, of Everſhot.

An ANAGRAM, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

AN Engliſh town aright tranſpoſe,
A precious ſtone you'll then diſcloſe.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

IN the deep caverns of the rocky ſhore,
Where laſh the ſurges, and the billows roar,
Where awful darkneſs reigns with tenfold gloom,
And ne'er a ray the dark receſs illumes,
I dwell, and there reſponſive ever keep,
In mimic ſtrains, the murmurs of the deep.
Beneath the ſolemn doom, where ſlumbering lie
The ſilent dead, conceal'd from human eye,
Within thoſe peaceful manſions I am found,
When guſhing tears, and rending ſighs abound;
Wak'd from repoſe by thoſe diſtreſſing ſtrains
Of mourning friendſhip over dear remains;
Of thoſe once lov'd, and to life's lateſt hour
Will be rever'd, while memory holds its power;
Swift thro' the arched vault I'm known to fly,
But know that you can ne'er my form deſcry:
Take then this hint, my name you'll ſurely ſcan;
I never yet was ſeen by prying man,

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

An elegiac Addreſs to abſent Celia.

O Celia fair! the hours have paſt
So ſlowly ſince we parted laſt,
Dull, heavy time ſo preſſes me,
Your abſence ſeems eternity.

Abroad in noon-day's ſultry heat,
I hear the cheerful lambkins bleat,
On yonder tree the cooing dove
Recals to mind my abſent love.

At night, when darkneſs veils the ground,
And ſolid ſilence reigns profound,
To Morpheus in vain I cry,
While ſleep ſeals every mortal eye.

And when night doffs her mourning veſt,
Aurora coming in the eaſt,
Morn does her roſy ſteps renew,
I long my abſent love to view.

Celia, you have confeſs'd to me
That, were my vows from flatt'ry free,
You would return—without diſguiſe
You'd me above my rivals prize.

O faireſt nymph of all the plain!
For whom the ſwains contend in vain;
Fair as the golden orient ſun,
Ere half his mid-day courſe is run.

Liſten, while I ſwear to thee,
By ev'ry herb, by ev'ry tree,
By ev'ry ſoft'ring breeze that blows
Thro' groves where fragrant myrtle grows.

By every vow that love hath bound,
Since time began its circling round:
O liſten, while I ſwear to thee,
Eternal truth and conſtancy.

Could Celia hear my heart complain?
Would Celia grant to eaſe its pain?
In joy I'd wear the ſilken chain,
And never wiſh to change again.

B. HANSFORD.

Wincanton, April 13.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

THE DOVE.

CEASE thus to flutter, fooliſh dove,
only bear thee to my love;
Her hands ſhall guard thee from thy foes,
And oft thy ruffl'd plumes compoſe:
Her lips ſhall feed, her boſom warm,
And ſcreen thee from the wintry ſtorm:
So bleſt, ſo happy wilt thou be;
Poor ſimple bird, I envy thee.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

ODE *on* PINDAR.

ALOFT within his iron chair,
The glorious Theban ſat,
Delighted Greece was gather'd near,
And liſt'ning bow'd as to the voice of fate:
Wild as were the ſounds that broke
From the awful Pythian maid,
What time a guilty people ſhook
Abject and proſtrate in the Delphic ſhade;
And rich as was the ſyren's ſong,
Which lur'd to joy the man* of woe,
Were the full ſounds he pour'd along
When conquering valour bade his numbers flow.

Form the wreath, the crown prepare
For him who guides the ruſhing car,
Victorious in the race, and dreadful in the war;
Let the martial muſic riſe
As the judges give the prize,
Let the graceful youths advance
Round him in the ſtoried dance,
While his native city proud
Swells with ſhouts the triumph loud,
Lo! he joyleſs hears the ſound!
joyleſs ſees the mazy round!
Vainly are the trumpets blown;
He ſcorns the wreath, he ſcorns the crown
Unleſs the poet's voice ſhall fix his juſt renown.

What more than hero claims the ſong?
The rapt enthuſiaſt cries;
His high deeds bear him o'er the throng,
The muſe ſhall fix him in his native ſkies:
Hark!

* Ulyſſes.

Hark! I hear her mighty voice
Swelling midſt the trembling ſtrings,
The woods of Helicon rejoice,
And open to my ſight their ever-laſting ſprings.
I hear her too, with waken'd ire,
Speak not (ſhe cries) in Pindar's name;
What modern hand can ſtrike the lyre,
Whoſe voice was rapture, and whoſe praiſe was fame?

R. W.

The NEGRO BOY.—*A* BALLAD.

[From "Juvenilia, or a Collection of Poems," written between the Age of twelve and ſixteen, by J. H. L. HUNT, late of the Grammar-ſchool, Chriſt's Hoſpital, London.]

COLD blows the wind, and while the tear
Burſts trembling from my ſwollen eyes,
The rain's big drops quick meet it there,
And on my naked boſom flies!
O! pity, all ye ſons of joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

Theſe tatter'd clothes, this ice-cold breaſt
By winter harden'd into ſteel;
Theſe eyes, that know not ſoothing reſt,
But ſpeak the half of what I feel!
Long, long, I never knew one joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

Cannot the ſigh of early grief
Move but one charitable mind?
Cannot one hand afford relief?
One Chriſtian pity, and be kind?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy,
O little wand'ring negro boy.

Is there a good which men call pleaſure?
O Ozmyn, would that it were thine!
Give me this early precious treaſure;
How would it ſoften grief like mine?
Then Ozmyn might be call'd with joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

My limbs theſe twelve long years have borne,
The rage of ev'ry angry wind:
Yet ſtill does Ozmyn weep and mourn,
Yet ſtill no care, no reſt can find!
Then death, alas! muſt ſoon deſtroy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

No ſorrow e'er diſturbs the reſt,
That dwells within the lonely grave:
Thou beſt reſource the woe-wrung breaſt,
E'er aſk'd of Heav'n, or Heav'n e'er gave!
Ah then, farewell! vain world, with joy
I die, the happy negro boy!

ODE *to* SPRING.

[From "Viſions of Memory, and other Poems."]

FAIREST ſeaſon! lovely ſpring!
Come, with perfumes on thy wing:
Come, and let me oft inhale
Odours from thy ſpicy gale.

Muſic's ſoft, harmonious ſtrain
Floats around the fertile plain;
And, amidſt the whiſp'ring grove,
Pours forth melodies of love.

Roſy health's enchanting glow
Bluſhes on thy verdant brow;
Sportive mirth, and joy divine,
Matchleſs charms, ſweet ſpring, are thine.

Gaily glide thy tepid hours,
Crown'd with aromatic flow'rs;
But, like youthful pleaſures paſt,
Oft, methinks, they fly too faſt.

Let me ſtray the groves among,
Liſt'ning to thy warblers' ſong;
Then, beneath each ſpreading tree,
Oft I'll ſing, ſweet ſpring, of thee.

STANZAS *written in* APRIL.

STILL o'er the plain ſtern winter low'rs,
And rules the lengthen'd day,
Nor yields to April's vernal hours,
Nor flies the coming May.

Still from the mountain roars the blaſt
When morn's pale rays ariſe,
And heavy vapours gathering faſt
Obſcure the evening ſkies.

Yet, tho' the threat'ning ſtorm may lour,
Tho' tempeſts veil the day;
Yet ſpring ſhall ſoon its beauties pour,
And yield to ſummer's ſway.

So to misfortune's mourning child
The ſtar of hope ſhall riſe,
And ſoon recede the tempeſt wild
From joy's ſerener ſkies!